

THE SILVER CHEV



JUNE 1, 1919

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A BASE MAN'S DREAM

After getting my honorable discharge from the U. S. Army, and leaving the camp where I had spent so many years, I was beginning to look 'round the place, I felt "like a million" to think that army life was really over for me, and I would soon be back in the old "civies," having a regular time. Most of the men who had been in our Detachment lived in Chicago, so I decided to arrange to spend a few days in that city, as most of them were now home, and I might be able to run into a few of the boys, while there. Having purchased my ticket home, I boarded the train for Chicago. Arriving there early in the morning, I decided to spend the day getting cleaned up, and going to the clothing shops to get all dolled out. After having breakfast in Rauch's up-to-date cafe, I went over to a sixty-five chair barber shop, which had been built on the corner of State and Madison Streets. It was some shop. I had to wait in line for an hour, but when I got inside and saw Art Nichols on duty at the first chair with the sign "Manager" on his coat, I was not sorry. Art had Mayor Thompson in the chair about half-shaved, but when he saw I was one of the boys from the old Base, he explained to the Mayor, and His Honor was forced to leave the shop half-shaven, meantime mumbling imprecations and cursing volubly. Art fixed me up pretty and after talking about all the wonderful women in Chicago, and how much he had to pay his Jazz Band to play in the shop, I left him to buy my civilian clothes. I had a check from home, so I went into the nearest bank to cash it, but the cashier said I must be identified. We had quite an argument, and I was about to leave to try my luck elsewhere, when Goodspeed stepped up from the President's desk, shook hands with me and said to the cashier: "Give Adams anything he wants; he's one of the men from the Base." Thanks, Howard. He told me he and his wife were well and that he was the proud father of a "bouncing" baby boy (I wondered if the child were made of rubber or something). Across the street, an electric sign caught my attention, which read: "Abe Kahn, Exclusive Clothing. Climb One Flight of Stairs And Save \$5.00." Leaving Howard, I went across and bought a suit. Abe said it fitted me like a tailor-made, and of course Abe wouldn't put anything over on one of his old pals, so I was satisfied. It surely seemed strange to be back in an old outfit, but the first thing I did after leaving Abe's Emporium was to go right down

on the street and deliberately salute a Second Lieut. Curses!!

Having a little business to attend to up-town, I hopped on a street-car, and who should I give my fare to but Jim Markham. He still had on his stripes, and evidently thought he had never left the Army, from the manner in which he told the passengers to "Step Lively," and "Push back in the car." He asked me if I recognized the motorman, and upon looking up I saw our old collaborator Jacobson. Coming back to the loop about noon, I went to the Hotel and registered. The Hotel Graves was a rather magnificent place, and Harold was there with belis all over him to see that I got everything my heart desired, which was, as you must know, much. After lunch, I decided to take a sight-seeing bus and look the old town over a little. The driver went so fast that I missed some points of interest, but these, I did see: The fine residence of Tony De Mattia, Mitchell's Sanitarium, Catermole's million-dollar movie theatre, where only the most exclusive stars, such as Alfred Gentile, Harold Prindiville and Solon Camenisch, were shown. I later dropped into the Main Post-office, just erected, and was glad to hear that Anton Koppy was now the genial Postmaster of the Big City. I passed by Madame Boynton's Dancing Academy, an imposing establishment in one of the exclusive, north-shore sections. After the bus trip, I spent an hour going through Barneville's Wholesale Grocery Company. Our friend Kendall was manager, and had the prettiest little Jeffrey car all his own. (Three guesses where he got it.) That afternoon, I went to Bransky's Burlesque Show, and it surely seemed good to listen to Harry's line once more. Just as I came in, Harry was singing, in his inimitable manner, "The Army Wasn't Made For Me," which proved to be a tremendous success, for most of the audience was comprised of men who saw service. Having seen me enter, Harry jumped off the stage with one of his wild "Yom-Kippur" war-whoops and insisted on dragging me up on the stage, much to my embarrassment. After introducing me to the audience, we got together on Bransky's fifty-thousand dollar success, "The Discharge Blues," and it was a complete knock-out. After leaving the theatre, I met Frank Krasa on the street with Jimmie Nolan. Frank said, "Did you stand

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THE SILVER CHEVY



BASE BALL

Base Hospital, Camp Grant, May 19, 1919

The Base Hospital Base Ball team returned from Chicago last night with another victory added to their list. On Sunday afternoon, they met the team representing General Hospital No. 32, at Washington Park. The locals had the Chicago boys chasing all over the field as they gathered a total of 20 safe bingles and 19 scores. The day was ideal and upwards of 1,200 people watched the slaughter. At the beginning of the sixth inning the score was 1 to 0, but when the merry-go-round was once started everybody went all the way around and run after run was registered.

Those wishing to attend the game were given 48 hour passes and the regular furlough rate for railroad fare. About 200 took advantage of the opportunity and went up in the special coach provided, leaving Camp at 6:05 Saturday morning. A large number saw the Athletics-White Sox game Saturday afternoon, including the members of the team who were the guests of Comiskey.

Camp Grant Base Hospital vs.

General Hospital No. 32

CAMP GRANT

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
N. Johnson, 3b.....	6	1	3	1	3	1
P. Johnson, 2b.....	2	1	1	0	0	0
Guiger, l. f.....	6	2	2	2	0	0
Saunert, ss.....	6	3	3	1	2	0
Glumske, C.....	6	3	4	8	0	0
Wigdor, c. f.....	5	2	1	5	0	0
Truso, r. f. & 1b.....	6	1	3	1	0	0
Nelson, 1b.....	3	1	1	7	1	0
Crabtree, p.....	3	3	0	1	2	0
*Nix, 2b.....	2	2	2	1	0	0
**Winn, r. f.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	46	19	20	27	8	1

GENERAL HOSPITAL

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Morgan, 3 b.....	4	0	1	0	1	0
Parker, r. f. & p.....	4	0	0	2	1	0
Johnson, l. f.....	4	0	0	3	0	0
Stockton, ss.....	3	0	0	0	4	1
Good, c. f.....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Brume, 1b.....	2	0	0	11	0	1
Bestwick, 2b.....	3	0	0	4	4	0
Courts, c. & r. f.....	3	0	0	5	2	3
Brett, p.....	2	0	0	0	1	0
*McGovern, c.....	1	0	0	2	0	1
Totals.....	29	0	2	27	13	6

Summary: Three base hit, Saubert; Two base hit, Glumske, 2; Sacrifice, Brume. Left on bases, Camp Grant, 6; No. 32, 3. Hits off Brett, 6 in 6 innings; off Parker, 14 in 3 innings. Struck out by Crabtree 8, by Brett 3, by Parker 2. Base on balls, off Brett 5; off Parker 1; off Crabtree 0. Stolen bases; Bestwick, Courts (2), H. Johnson (4), Glumske, Truso (3), Crabtree, P. Johnson, Wigdor (3), Nix. Double play; Stockton to Bestwick to Brume. Umpires Lt. Reynolds and Lt. Wismer. Time of game 1:55. Attendance 1,200. R. A. Dewey, Scorer.

M. P'S. vs. BASE HOSPITAL

Base Hospital Field, May 20, 1919.

With blood in their eyes and revenge in their hearts, the Provost Guard base ball team came onto the field this afternoon, to make their third attempt to defeat the Base Hospital nine. In their line-up were included three officers, one of these being on the mound, but to the locals they all looked alike in base ball suits, and they not only shut their eyes to the M. Ps., but scored 14



BASE BALL—Continued

runs themselves in seven innings and being ashamed to make it any worse than that, did not take their turn at bat in either the 8th or 9th innings. The figures of the fray follow:

BASE HOSPITAL

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
H. Johnson, 3b.....	2	3	0	2	2	0
P. Johnson, 2b & ss....	4	1	3	2	2	1
Guiger, l. f.....	3	2	0	0	0	0
Saubert, ss.....	3	0	1	0	3	0
Truso, r. f.....	4	2	0	0	0	0
Wigdor, c. f.....	2	2	2	3	0	0
Nelson, 1b.....	4	1	1	11	0	1
Sutterfield, c.....	2	0	0	2	0	0
Crabtree, p.....	4	1	1	1	3	0
Winn, 2b.....	2	2	0	1	1	0
Fugeline, c.....	2	0	0	5	1	0

Totals.....32 14 8 27 12 2

PROVOST GUARD

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Wehrman, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	1	1
Kleeman, ss.....	4	0	0	2	1	2
Womack, p. & r. f....	4	0	0	0	3	0
Glumske, c. & p.....	4	0	0	7	6	0
Gutzman, 1b.....	4	0	1	8	0	1
McKenzie, r. f. & c....	3	0	1	1	0	2
Streeter, 2b.....	3	0	1	3	0	1
Rebholz, l. f.....	3	0	0	0	0	1
Conahan, c. f.....	3	0	1	0	0	0

32 0 4 21 11 8

Summary: (Base Hospital did not take turn at bat in 8th and 9th.) Sacrifice hit, P. Johnson. Stolen bases; Conahan, Wigdor 2, Nelson, H. Johnson, Guiger. Left on bases; Base Hospital 9, Provost Guard 5. Struck out: by Crabtree 7, by Womack 7, by Glumske 1. Hits off Womack, 7 in 6 innings; off Glumske, 1 in 1 inning. Base on balls: off Womack 9; off Glumske 1. Hit by pitcher: by Womack 1 (Guiger). Wild pitch, Crabtree.

161st DEPOT BRIGADE BASE HOSPITAL

Hospital Field, May 25, 1919.

Good support behind Houck and poor support for Ballard was the cause of the latter's defeat. The tall twirler of the Depot Brigade had the locals at his mercy and allowed only two hits. But once a Base Hospital man got on, he took every chance to get around. Stolen bases by Guiger and two each by Wigdor and Crabtree helped us to score.

Sensational Catch

A most sensational play was pulled off by Guiger in the 7th inning. Ballard hit a wicked one to deep left which looked good for a sure enough home run, but big "Ed. Guiger" while running at full speed in the same direction the ball was going reached out with his bare right

hand and snatched the falling sphere, much to the chagrin and surprise of every spectator present. The Box score:

CAMP GRANT

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
H. Johnson, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	1	1
P. Johnson, ss.....	3	0	0	3	5	0
Guiger, l. f.....	2	1	0	2	0	0
Glumske, c.....	3	0	1	5	1	0
Wigdor, 2b.....	3	1	0	4	4	0
Crabtree, 1b.....	2	1	0	10	1	0
Winn, r. f.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Wasco, c. f.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Houck, P.....	3	0	1	0	4	0

Totals.....26 3 2 27 17 1

161st DEPOT BRIGADE

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kohls, ss.....	4	0	0	1	2	0
Kulas, 1b.....	4	0	2	8	1	1
Melger, l. f.....	4	1	0	0	0	0
Rush, 3b.....	2	1	1	0	2	2
Ballard, p.....	4	0	2	1	1	0
Bruder, c. f.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Hillard, 2b.....	4	0	1	3	1	0
Hughes, c.....	3	0	1	11	3	1
Harman, r. f.....	3	0	0	0	0	0

Totals.....32 2 8 24 10 4

Summary: Two base hits: Ballard. Left on bases: 161st, 5; B. H. 1. Double play: P. Johnson to Wigdor to Crabtree. Struck out by Ballard, 11; by Houck, 4. Base on balls: Off Ballard, 2; off Houck, 2. Stolen bases, Guiger, Wigdor (2), Crabtree (2). Umpire Sergeant Hart.

CAMP GRANT vs. FAIRBANKS-MORSE AT BELOIT, MAY 24 1919

With a hasty collection of ball players, selected from the existing teams in camp, Camp Grant went on the field against the famous team of Fairbanks-Morse at Beloit, Saturday, May 24th. With old ex-leaguers like "Zip" Zabel on the mound, Shook, formerly of the Columbus Assn., behind the bat, "Mighty" Keene on first, the Camp Grant team started out against a strong handicap. The fact that the Camp Grant team had no opportunity to practice together made the team work very ragged, and this combined with 6 errors, a wild pitch and two passes on balls, account for the poor showing made by the Army team. Hart, of the 14th Inf. pitched pretty ball considering that he was not in condition. He allowed only four scattered hits in the first seven innings.

The five men of the Base Hospital Team acquitted themselves well, under the circumstances, Saubert and Guiger starring with the bat. The final score was 4 to 9.



THE SILVER CHEV'

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BOLSHEVISM AT HOME

A rather startling and perturbing state of affairs has come to pass in our own quiet city. An uprising of Bolshevism of a type no less sincere nor serious than that which has already disrupted and turned into warring factions the half of Europe, occurred on Thursday evening, May first, when a camouflaged Socialist parade took place on the main streets of the City of Rockford. The procession was made up of approximately two thousand persons, the majority of whom were foreigners of the less intelligent class. Among the various banners and posters carried were the following: "Remember Karl Liebknecht!", "Long Live the Soviet Republics!" and many others. Also prominent in the long line were glaring red flags, and the correspondent noted one of the carriers of the Bolshevik insignia in particular. His face held not the slightest suggestion of intelligence—only a blank indifference. Upon attempting a conversation with this man, I discovered that he could speak no English whatever.

It so happened that there were but a few soldiers on the streets at the time the procession took place, or all might not have gone so well with our alien neighbors. It is not the nature of a man in uniform of his country to stand idly by and permit such things as this to happen. Doubtless, the greater number of those persons parading have not seen service in any branch of Uncle Sam's service, and after the Hell that our men have been forced to suffer for such as these, in order that they might sit safely at home, unharmed, and take from us the futures for which we had spent painstaking years to build the foundations, it does not give us a pleasant thrill to have it forced to our attention.

It is understood that there is being planned another similar parade in the near future, and although it is not our place to dictate to the civilian authorities the manner in which these affairs should be taken

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care of, we cannot help but enter a protest against occurrences of this type. Assurance is given that every thinking man of Camp Grant is not for even a moment in sympathy with the stand taken in this matter. It is not tolerated in the Army of this nation. Why should the civilian authorities be so lenient with the criminal instigators of these fanatical gatherings? Unless a halt is called on such proceedings at once and in no uncertain manner, we cannot expect a better fate for the United States than has been accorded to the disorganized and disrupted nations of Europe.

For nearly six months the World War has been virtually over. Hostilities have been at a standstill except for minor uprisings which are the incident aftermath of every great upheaval of the social status of such an enormous group of men as has been the case in the magnificently terrible struggle just passed. But for the men of the Department of the Army of which each of us forms an integral part, the War has never ceased, and we are still asked to perform the duties that were ours during the long months when men were being slaughtered by the thousands in the battle for the Victory of Right and Justice.

The moment is rapidly approaching for the greater number of us when it seems that our dreams are to be consummated—the moment to which we have all been looking forward longingly for these weary, grinding, heart-breaking months—and we are face to face once more with the problems, the difficulties and the struggles of life as it is lived every day in the normal world at peace. What are you going to do to solve the problems with which you are bound to come in contact upon your return to civil life? Have you thought of it at all, or only in the desultory manner which is natural for the man without a burning ambition to gain the greatest successes in life, and whose ideals lead him into the paths where he can best serve his fellow-man?

For many of us, the bringing of this gigantic struggle to America meant the sacrificing of years

of painstaking labor—the rending of ties dearest to us of all things earthly, with probable death as the great reward. We have been spared the physical tortures of many of our brave brothers who were sent across, but we have suffered just as greatly in a mental way. Our bodies have not been harmed, and it will require only a short time to bring us back to a normal thought basis. The men of this Detachment, as well as the nurses and officers on duty here, are picked men in every way—selected from thousands who have gone through at one time or another, and it is only natural that their services should be desired in civilian life as much as they are in the army. It has been conclusively shown by many tests that the rating of intelligence in this Hospital is greatly above the average, and each individual here has demonstrated his superiority frequently and consistently. You men will go back to the plane of good citizenship which you enjoyed before entering the service. But this should not satisfy you. Your experience in the Army should have had the effect of making bigger, better, broader, more perfect men of you, and we believe that time will show this statement to be true. Set your ideals high, strive for your goal, and gain it!! Don't be contented with the things you have done—aim higher!! Get yourself adjusted to the conditions which you are certain to meet in the next four months, before the time arrives that you will actually have to combat them.





CUPID SMILES ON THE LOVELORN

Hark, all ye who have been considering entering the holy bonds of wedlock, for I bring you tidings of great joy. Has it been on your tongue's tip to ask her to set the date soon, or perhaps you, fair maid, have thought that all that he needed was a little encouragement. If so—follow the impulse. For listen—The Commanding Officer has authorized the publication of the following: To any member of the Base Hospital, be it Officer, Nurse or enlisted man, who will be married in the convalescent house during the month of June, will be given a complete bedroom suite. And girls, it will be a military wedding. Everybody in dress uniform with swords and everything. Needless to say this offer only applies to the first couple making application.

This is really the chance of a lifetime. Few people have the privilege of attending a real military wedding, not to mention playing a major roll in it. Surely at no time or place would a military wedding be more apropos than at a U. S. Army camp during the present time. There is something very impressive and dignified about a military wedding. And one has only to read the current metropolitan press to see that they are all the vogue in society. It would be something that the bridal couple could look back on in later years with special pride, and as for the other members of the Base Hospital—well we believe that the convalescent house will reach its maximum capacity on the date this ceremony takes place. Anyone desiring further information on this subject is referred to Lt. Wismer, Recreational Officer.

A military wedding is the only event that has not occurred at this Hospital, though many nurses, officers, and enlisted men on duty here have been married during the existence of the Hospital.

EDITOR GOES TO HIS REWARD

No, he is not dead.

Conflicting emotions seek expression as we commence writing this article. When we think of Ye Ed getting discharged, and thus leaving us a heritage of one bent editorial pen, a pair of shears that have to be manipulated with both hands, a quarrel with the editress of the "Blue-bird Twitters," which we are informed has since come to an untimely end, as well as all the other griefs attendant upon the profession of ink-splashing, we feel like writing an obituary. And when we think of him out in Sunny California, we feel that a trip to Janesville is absolutely necessary to assuage our sorrow.

But when we remember the quick, rather quizzical expression that used to light up one side of his face a little more than the other, his ready friendship and his many months of faithful service, we bury the hatchet and join with the other men of the Detachment in wishing him all the luck in the world.

Charles C. Cattermole hails from Prescott, Arizona, the home of the Gila Monster. Upon entering the service he was placed in the Depot Brigade, but after about one month he was transferred to the Base Hospital, at the request of one of its officers, and has now been with this organization over fourteen months. He was assigned to duty in the Psycho Ward for several months, reason unknown. At the time of the Influenza he was transferred to the Sgt. Major's Office, from whence he came to the Chev office as Associate Editor, and, more latterly, was editor. Here's good luck Charley, and if the rumor is true that we heard today may we be the first to offer our congratulations?



DETACHMENT NEWS

We wonder who the two "blue-birds" were that took the canoe trip up the Rock River about 7:20 last Sunday evening, May 25, 1919, and with a man, too.

The members of the Personnel Office were treated to a rare sight the other day. It was that of watching the Herculean efforts of a certain Evaggelos Psychogiopolus as he attempted to inscribe his name on the regulation space allotted to him on the payroll.

At a recent election of the Ananias Club Munchausen was defeated for President by a base man discharged on industrial and dependency grounds by the Discharge Board.

At a dance party recently given in the Red Cross House Lt. Wismer precipitated a series of horrible groans by announcing that he had arranged a ball game with the Great Lakes Team for the Fourth of July. Is there any way in which advance information could be secured in regards to whether Thanksgiving passes will be five or seven days, or whether there will be a Christmas tree at the Liberty this year? Have a heart. We prefer the future to be shrouded in misty uncertainties as long as we have no date on the "blue card," it at least leaves us our hopes.

There is no accounting for human idiosyncracies. The latest proof of this statement has been provided by the Detachment of Patients ensemble. It is known by its promulgators as the "unornamented dome" or "after the shearing." As a hirsute adornment it is absolutely nil and void. The men are striving to keep the naked truth from their colleagues and aids by wearing their hats during office hours. If they had been hard-boiled eggs the haircut might have been symbolic.

INTERVIEWS WITH FAMOUS MEN

Number One

PRV. 1 cl. MEYER WIGDOR

**On Bolshevism, Baseball, and
Life in the Army.**

Our Staff Representative found the learned professor in the Laboratory deeply engrossed in the mysteries of the sciences. His manly form was bent, or should we say coiled, over the objective of his pet Leitz, his eyes riveted upon the evolutions and convolutions of some minute bit of organism. On the table by his side lay his favorite meerschaum and his famous white hat; the hat that has been through so many perilous adventures during the World War.

Hearing the steps of our correspondent, the

Professor reared himself to his manly height, adjusted his glasses, and looking over the tops of them, not unkindly, cleared his throat, and said: "Well?" The correspondent then stated his purpose, showed his credentials, and asked for a few precious moments of the great man's time for an interview for the Silver Chev.'

On hearing this the Professor glanced at his watch and replied, "I can just give you five minutes as it is nearly twelve and I have an important engagement over at the Detachment Mess at that hour.

The Professor was asked as to his views on the subject of Bolshevism. He smiled reminisciently upon being asked this, and a strange gleam of hidden mirth came into his dark eyes.

"You ask me what I think of Bolshevism," he answered, seizing his meerschaum and pouring some fuel into it from the depths of a massive leathern pouch which he carried on his hip. "That of course puts me in a rather embarrassing position. Living where I do and sleeping where I do, naturally my views cannot be those of the unprejudiced bystander. When I speak, I speak from the wells of wisdom and the depths of experience. Perhaps there is no better manner of making this matter clear in its entirety and perfectly lucid to the masses than by giving you a simple definition of what I consider Bolshevism. Bolshevism is the repercussion of the equitable manifestations and warrantable ejaculations of a distracted and tyrannized illiterate multitude."

At this point our correspondent changed the subject and asked the Professor how he liked the Army. Here the Professor's countenance became suddenly clouded.

"I can not understand why the personnel of this detachment is so anxious to get out of the service. For my part, I find it highly advantageous and beneficial to continue my sojourn in these parts. Here I have all that a man could ask for; three highly nutritious meals a day, good clothes, plenty of fresh air, books to read, and a chance to study the meanderings of the parasite in all of its various phases. I also have time to divert myself with an occasional game of baseball."

At this point the Professor broke off the interview to search for a match. Our correspondent having supplied this want, the Professor sat in deep meditation for some minutes, drawing meditatively at his meerschaum; evidently this subject had aroused some deep under-currents of thought in the mind of the eminent parasitologist.

At length he turned to our correspondent with

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THERE IS MUSIC IN THE AIR

If you don't believe it, you just drop in the Convalescent House any morning and listen to the boys that are able to attend the class of instruction. Miss Macomber, one of the Reconstruction Aides, is working very patiently with those that are interested and in the near future, the patients are going to have an orchestra all of their own. You don't have to know anything about Music to join this class, all you

have to do is let Miss Macomber know what instrument you would like to learn how to play and she will arrange all the other details. You can study piano, violin, cornet, mandolin, banjo, guitar, snare drum, or bass drum, any or all of these instruments are at your disposal. Why not make the most of your time, while at the Base Hospital? Start some one of these subjects, even if you only expect to be here a few weeks; you are sure to gain some knowledge which will give you lots of pleasure.

FACTS IN FIGURES

Of the nearly 75,000 patients in hospitals devoted to reconstruction work, 25,000 were enrolled as students in the various courses offered, during the month of March, according to a report of the Division of Physical Reconstruction of the Office of the Surgeon General. The work was carried on at 25 general hospitals and 19 base hospitals.

Work in the wards for March shows an increase over that of the preceding month, 13,795 soldiers being engaged in hand crafts and 3,194 in academic studies.

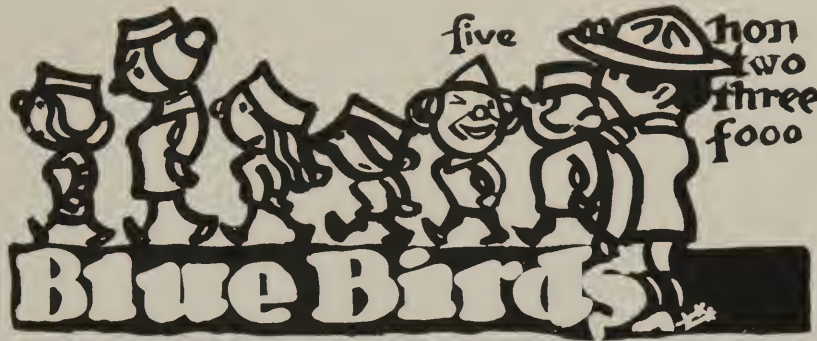
Typewriting was the more favorite study taken up by the soldiers, 444 being enrolled in these classes. Arithmetic had 352 students, English 336, Reading 322, Spelling 223, Penmanship 208, Shorthand 190, Drawing 186, with students in

other business courses in lesser numbers. There were also students in foreign languages, 51 in Spanish, 43 in French, 6 in Italian, and 1 in Latin.

Enrollment in shop and school subjects numbered about 26,000.

During the four months period from December to March, 75,000 patients were enrolled in educational work and 140,000 in ward, shop and school work or a total of 55% of the 272,000 patients reached by the educational service.

Orthopedic cases had the largest number of representatives in the educational courses, a total of 5,016 followed by tubercular patients, 3,139; soldiers suffering from disease or wounds, 1,689; and amputation cases, 1,125. Of convalescent patients 1,610 were enrolled.



IN MEMORIAM THE LATE LAMENTED QUARREL

Which departed this life with the last issue of
The Silver Chev'
Having died a natural death, of old age

The Bereaved:

Ye Editor
Ye Cub Reporter

INTRODUCING THE DOVE OF PEACE

Certain notes along the side-lines appeared with the original copy of this column, and in spite of the dire threats contained therein, the Editor cannot resist the temptation to publish them, in order that these gems may not be lost. Behold the gems: "Apply a properly 'bereaved-looking' black border, please, and if you publish the side notes this time I'll never look at you or your old Chev' again." We mourn, we weep, we splash bitter tears profusely over the landscape. And yet, alas, in view of A. R. 1913, 'tis better so. But to quote more of the forbidden side notes (this being the instructions for the construction of the above dove of peace)—"Think it can be set up in type, can't it? Have seen that sort of thing done up in type successfully. Adjust it any way you find necessary, just so it looks like a peacable old bird." We are torn between the dove of peace and the owl as the proper bird for this column—the owl being the bird of wisdom, lest ye cub reporter have forgotten.

Now for the real business in hand, and let this mutual recrimination cease.

FEEDING OUR FIGHTING MEN

or
NOBODY HOME

A Tragedy in One Act.

DRAMATIS PERSONNAE

Patient No. 4—
Patient No. 26—the silent members.
Head Nurse.
Blue Bird of meditative turn of mind.
The Dream of Doubtful identity.

SCENE ONE

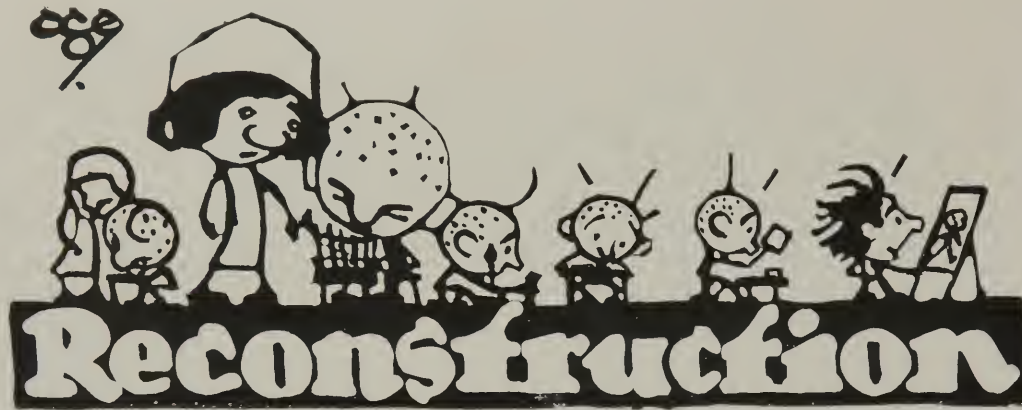
Time: Chow time.
Place: Kitchen of Ward in Twenty Row.
(Curtain rises on Head Nurse serving up special diets. Enter Blue-bird accompanied by dream of doubtful identity.)

Head Nurse: Here, take these two plates to 4 and 26.

Bluebird: Yes, ma'am, four in 26 (picks up plates, still deep in meditation.)

(Exit Bluebird and dream to go drifting down the corridor of twenty row toward Ward 26.)

(Continued on page 17)



ONE OF MANY

John Kensky sat on his hospital cot thinking about things in general, the happenings of the past and what the future held in particular.

John was a foreigner, his English was broken, likewise his understanding thereof, and he could neither read nor write, not even his name.

Mainly on account of his lack of these particular items, he had misunderstood his orders and over stayed his leave, for which of course, he expected to pay. No thought of dodging the issue entered his mind; in fact, he always had paid for things, but usually for those due to his lack of understanding. There was no particular idea that the payments exacted were unjust, yet there was a certain feeling of helplessness, inarticulate and unformulated of course, but nevertheless existing, which lent to his appearance an air of sullenness, very easily mistaken for the real article, and which of course, put him in bad from the start.

John knew that he had held his own in the past by main strength and awkwardness, so to speak, but now with a crippled hand, and a bad start on account of a breach of discipline, the future did not seem to hold much.

Thinking these things over and over and arriving nowhere had become a habit; a habit that would eventually undermine the morale of any one, which was apparent to the ward surgeon, and he therefore called the attention of an Educational Aide to this particular case and expressed a fervent desire that something might be done.

The Aide met Kensky on his own ground and half an hour's conversation placed them upon a basis of mutual understanding, pleasing to both parties, whereby the attendance of the class in English and penmanship was increased by one.

Two or three days of wrestling with books and pen left the new student in a nightmare of letters and such, that seemed without rhyme or reason, but the untiring patience of the instructor bridged the initial plunge until the words and pen strokes began to take shape.

By this time John was soaking in knowledge like a sponge and the probable punishment for being A. W. O. L. began to assume larger proportions than heretofore, owing to the fact that he did not want to give up his studies for a term in the guard house, which heretofore had held no terrors other than a curtailment of personal liberty for a short time and came to be born as a matter of course, like the cooties.

These fears were confided to the instructor and finally reached higher authorities, together with a personal report from her, setting forth the rapid progress made, and the diligence shown, the outcome being that John escaped confinement and in place thereof, forfeited a small amount of pay. Probably for the first time in his life he was more than pleased to settle such matters on a cash basis. The time for study he considered worth the price because now the mysteries of the written word are mysteries no longer and John Kensky will never have to clean another spittoon, or mop another bar, but after his discharge, will continue his education with the Federal Board for Vocational Education. Also, let me say that he considers his future outlook cheap at the price of the last year's service and the crippled hand.

The foregoing is an account of one man. To those who are more fortunate in their station this may seem of little interest, but it is typical of many for we are rubbing elbows with just such every day, also do not think that the Educational Service has nothing to offer the educated men, because they can give him something of value during his stay in the hospital.

Maybe he cannot follow his old occupation and is in doubt what line to follow in place thereof, or maybe limbering up a stiffened member will enable him to follow his previous occupation, also his position in civil life may be so well established that any particular effort toward betterment is not considered necessary and he wishes to occupy himself in order to keep the rust spots away; in any or all of these things the Educational and Reconstruction Department of the service can be of benefit to him.

THE SILVER CHEV



THE BAND TOUR

Like the proverbial cat, the Band came back, after a glorious six weeks away from camp. Glorious? Yes, in just that sense—being away from camp. But work! Oh, boy! All the work the “Fighting Base Band” had done in former drives toward making the world safe for Democracy, paled into insignificance in the face of the efforts of the bandmen, individually and collectively, in showing the patriotic, but “show me before I buy,” citizens of Illinois that big “simoleons” and lots of them were necessary to finish the job.

In a week of parading and concert work, the big drive for the Victory Liberty Loan was initiated in Chicago. The band has its own place in the heart of Chicago and requests for its services in various parts of the city were constantly received.

On Sunday night, April 13th, the band embarked on the Illinois War Exhibit Train, which, before its return to Chicago on May 5th, had toured on sixteen different railroads through fifty-five counties and given exhibitions in over seventy-five cities and villages of this great State.

Consisting of three flat cars bearing captured German artillery, a Whippet tank, an American howitzer and a “crashed” French plane, a camouflaged baggage car containing machine guns and other small trophies, and two Pullmans for the personnel of the party, the train attracted much attention wherever it went and drew enormous crowds.

The tank, lumbering nosily along in the wake of the band, in the parades staged in nearly every town, rain or shine—mostly rain—was the center of interest. Happy was the girl, lucky—and

good looking—enough to be invited for a ride in the innards of the “beast”—in the interests of the loan.

The personnel of the train numbered fifty-one people: twenty-nine band men, sixteen over-seas “casual” guards and tank men, three speakers, one manager and two porters. The amount of food—not chow—they could stow away at each meal would have made Lieut. Gaines’ hair stand on end, had he had to provide it.

Oh, Boy! You should have seen those feeds. Hotels, restaurants, clubs, lodges and even private homes were called into service and “done noble.” By unanimous vote, however, the ladies of Earlville, Ill., get the laurel wreath for serving the best meal encountered.

The speakers, changed several times en route, were a live bunch and many worth-while friendships were made by the band boys. Among the notables were Randall Parrish, author; Federal Judge Booth, State Senator Barber, Sgt. Christie of “Reilly’s Bucks,” and Hon. John Lugg, whom the boys will never forget.

Under the very efficient management of F. E. Flinn, the train kept up to a strenuous schedule of from three to five towns a day, made extra stops and arrived back in Chicago on time, the only one of forty-eight trains so doing and with no accidents.

With five days to run, Chicago was found to be hopelessly behind on its quota, and the band was put at the hardest work in its history, helping to push it over the top, ending up on Saturday night with the satisfaction of knowing that its work had not been in vain.



Flight Surgeons for the Air Service Are Being Sought by the Surgeon General of the Army.

The medical officers who have served as Flight Surgeons, have been particularly active and efficient, so much so that the importance of their work has been recognized by the Air Service authorities including the Commanding Officers of flying fields. The Air Service now requires that a Flight Surgeon be detailed at all of its active fields.

Owing to the discharge of a very large number of temporary medical officers, the Air Service needs a number of medical officers of the permanent establishment for the position of Flight Surgeon. Medical officers below the grade of Lieutenant Colonel, who desire duty of this character, are requested to communicate with the Chief Surgeon, Air Service, Washington, D. C., who will fill vacancies from among those who volunteer.

Flight Surgeons have full charge of everything connected with the physical condition and care of the flyer, and live and associate with the aviators constantly. In this way they are able to determine when any individual is not in proper condition to fly. Many of these surgeons take flying training, and become licensed pilots, authority having been granted medical officers to receive this training. When they qualify, they are entitled to all the rights and privileges of aviators including the "wings" and also a 25% increase in pay from the time training is started. Medical officers who have been Flight Surgeons, are enthusiastic over this work. They have

undoubtedly saved many lives and much property.

The pay of sick and wounded soldiers in army hospitals is being expedited by direction of the Surgeon General. Each patient is handed a questionnaire within twenty-four hours after arrival by the patient and collected before he has been removed from the receiving ward. This document when properly executed, is placed in a service record, after which the soldier's name is placed on the pay roll, and he is paid within one week after his arrival.

The issue of russet shoes to members of the Hospital Corps on duty at Base and General Hospitals has been approved.

Here is an opportunity for discharged soldiers who are pharmacists: Announcement is made that the Advisory Committee of the American Pharmaceutical Association for soldier and sailor pharmacists, 1005 Mercantile Library Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, is equipped to find positions for men in any part of the country and to furnish them opportunities for employment, for establishment in the drug business, or for education in pharmacy. Commanding Officers have been directed to make known this information to men about to leave the service who are pharmacists or are interested in the drug business. For further information in regard to this matter those interested may address the Advisory Committee at Cincinnati direct.



WANTED:—A Neat Reward is offered for information leading to the apprehension of the officer who used Lieutenant Muirs bed for a receptacle for bootjacks, shoes, cigarette cartons, cigar butts, magazines, miscellaneous articles of clothing and other military paraphernalia.

Captain Walter E. Meanwell has reported for duty at this Hospital. Captain Meanwell was formerly Athletic Director at the University of Wisconsin, and is known throughout the country as the man who collected the aggregation of basketball stars at Wisconsin which won five consecutive championships in the middle west, and in three years, played forty-five games, won fourty-four and lost the last one to the University of Chicago by one basket.

Captain Jahleel H. Woodbridge and Lieutenant Leon A. Barney have been transferred to the Depot Brigade for discharge from the service.

HEADQUARTERS

May 23, 1919

SPECIAL ORDERS
NUMBER XXXXXX

Extract

By direction of competent authority, 1st Lieut. Rollo Lown, Dental Corps, is hereby authorized to pay to 1st Lieut. Harold P. Timberlake, Medical Corps, the following sums in cash, to be expended by said Lieut. Timberlake for the purposes indicated opposite the respective sums and for such purposes only, upon a week-end leave granted said Lieut. Timberlake for the dates of May 24 and May 25, 1919, and Lieut. Timberlake is directed to return all unused monies promptly upon his refund to Camp Grant, making proper explanation for his failure to dissipate said funds:

Carfare.....	\$5.52
Room.....	1.00
Taxi.....	.50
Meals (5).....	1.25
Moving picture.....	.11
Peanuts.....	.05

Total.....\$8.43

By order of '())('!!.'.') &('\$\$\$)

William J. Scholes,

1st Lieut. Medical Corps, U. S. A.

")(\$('(*?+*†))

HAVE YOU

Seen the Adj.'s smile lately?

Heard that bunch that comes in on the Bus at 10:45?

Watched Lieut. Stacy ride that new hoss? WHOA, BOY!

Seen Capt. Dallstream in the throes of a chess game?

Driven to Freeport with Capt. Voigt?

Fallen over Lieut. Wismer's "Lizzie?"

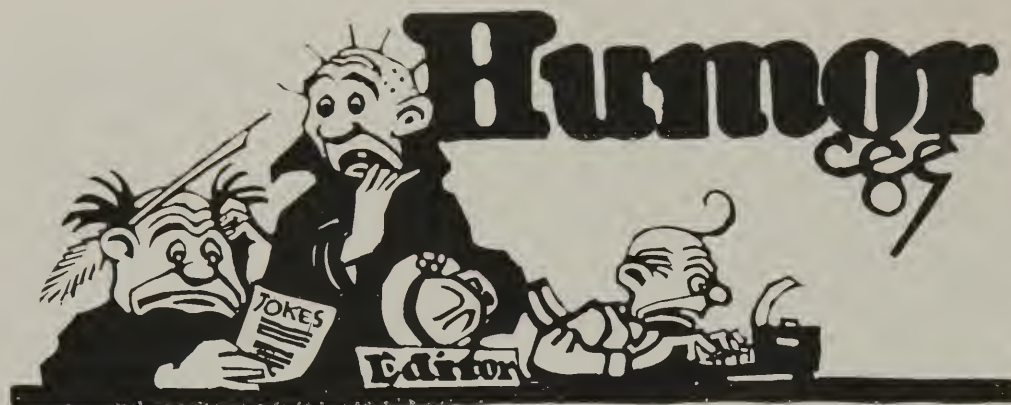
Seen Lieut. Barr in camp after dinner?

Heard that Capt. Morse had a week-end lately?

Capt. Edward J. Harnagel of the Surgical service was discharged from the service of the United States May 31, and has returned to his home. He will have the best wishes of all who worked with him.

Capt. Sylvester, Chief Educational Officer, has been relieved of his duties by Lieut. Colonel Whigam, and will be discharged at an early date in June.

Court martial proceedings were threatened against Capt. Blanks recently. It developed that he had traveled, while on authorized leave, to Mexico, without the required authority from the War Department for departing from the territorial limits of the United States. Explanations were forthcoming, however, that Mexico is a CITY in Missouri.



Undoubtedly the most conceited man in the Detachment at the present moment is Sgt. Shoupe. He is the proud father of a 12-pound boy and is displaying a photograph of the prodigy that in a large measure justifies his pride.

SARGE

1st Pill Roller: Where does Tommy Hays live in civil life?

2sn P. R.: Why?

1st P. R.: I want to buy the house over his head and throw him out in the snow next winter.

We venture to say that this is the only editorial sanctum that has not been hit by the spring poem epidemic. Don't be bashful, your amorous musings need not be signed, and we need the scratch paper.

HINTS FOR THE NEXT WAR

1. Be sure to take out an allotment even if you have it sent back to you.
2. Never let the authorities suspect that you are a typist.
3. Bring your own dress shoes.
4. Be sure you leave your employer in a pleasant mood; you might need some affidavits.
5. Do not bring any cigarettes, they are furnished with the Sunday dinner.
6. Men with experience in duck hunting apply to the male nurses dept., Med. Corps.
7. Snipe shooters apply to O. P. Replacement Unit.
8. Have the home people send you the Ladies' Home Journal, in order to ascertain your exact status.
9. If you wish to lead the life of Riley, learn to play an Oboe and join the band.
10. Fight while you may in civil life, you may be stuck in the Med. Corp.

OPINIONS OF THE DETACHMENT ON THE THIRSTY-FIRST CLOSING ORDER

Corp. Freesland.—Me for Honolulu.

Sgt. Vorkeller—Doesn't that beat the band.

Sgt. Henry—Come to my drugstore, boys.

B. Sherrick.—No more swell blowouts for mine.

Sgt. Bell.—They can't have the key to my cellar.

R. Balg.—The first will be my Waterloo (accent on the "water.")

McNally.—Just so I get my fourteen hours of sleep, its jake with me.

Corp. Larson.—What is this Bevo, anyway?

Corp. R. A. Lee.—Diplomacy, my boy, will always find a way.

Sgt. Shoupe.—Its nothing in my young life.

Sgt. Lavender.—I never touch the nasty stuff, anyway.

Corp. Kuflewski.—To be perfectly FRANK with you, I'm a druggist.

G. Snyder.—I know the pass-word in Belvidere.

Sgt. R. I. Wolfrum.—This puts me in a Hell of a fix.

R. Ruedebusch.—Why, I don't even know what the stuff looks like.

John Crabtree.—Let's talk about something pleasant.

Sgt. Hoar.—Its the best thing that ever came over the boards.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Ray I. Wolfrum taking a w. w. home from the "Bucket of Blood?"

Delaney buying cigarettes?

A whole day off duty?

Shorty Gentile in "civvies?"

Prindiville re-enlisting?

Your discharge?

(Continued on page 23)

(Continued from page 11)

(Orchestral accompaniment rendered by ward-men "Say, save some o' them dogs for me."
"Who fed goldfish to that bird in 17.")

SCENE TWO

Place: Ward 26 (Linen Supply Room.)

(Enter Bluebird with two plates, her mind far from mundane matters; Dream still in the foreground.)

Bluebird: (soloquizes, casting a disapproving eye over the piles of linen.) Four in twenty-six; now why aren't those four here to get it? I'll leave it and they'll probably call for it before it gets cold. (Deposits plates on linen truck.)

(Exit Bluebird and Dream.)

SCENE THREE

Ward Twenty.

(Curtain rises on famishing patients 4 and 26 in the last throes of hunger, falling almost immediately to spare the audience the sight of their untimely end. Musical accompaniment—angel voices chanting—"My Golden Dreams.")

You don't believe it? Inquire along the twenty row.

Not to have the laugh entirely on the Bluebirds—did you hear about the White Nurse who persisted in giving electric baking treatments to a patient's leg several days after it had been encased in a cast.

Here's another side note, too good to be filed in a waste-basket: "This is a side note, and absolutely not to be published: If 'apologies' is spelled with an 'o' where I have 'i' please put it that way; d——d if I can remember which way it should be."

EXCELSIOR

(Absolutely without Apologies)

The shades of night were fading fast
As we faced our morn repast,
Stewed peaches, toast as hard as nails,
And, all done up in little bales.

Excelsior!

I've heard some people call it "Hay"—
They wrong a worthy crop, I'd say,
For timothy and clover, too,
Are foods: one name alone will do—
Excelsior!

When I have gone to my reward
I'll ask of my satanic lord
To give me dreams of Army days
By feeding my own private blaze
With Excelsior!

A couple of old codgers got into a quarrel and landed before the local magistrate. The loser, turning to his opponent in a combative frame of mind cried, "I'll law you to the Circuit Court."

"I'm willin'," said the other.

"An' I'll law you to the Supreme Court."

"I'll be that."

"An' I'll law you to 'ell!"

"My attorney'll be thar," was the calm reply.—*Oteen.*

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John A. Oberg, Mgr.

Rockford, Ill.

Of Course You've read—

"DERE MABLE"

How about—"THAT'S ME ALL OVER, MABLE"
and "DERE BILL"**For Sale at ROCKFORD OFFICE SUPPLY HOUSE**

119 South Main St.

Nothing in Groceries, Candies or Coffins; Everything in STATION-
ERY and OFFICE SUPPLIES

ASHTON'S

Rockford Outfitters to mother and the girls

- DRY GOODS
- OUTER APPAREL
- GIFT MERCHANDISE
- GROCERIES

Our idea in selling: "Sell it for Less."

EAT FISHERS HOME MADE PIES

(Continued from page 3)

Reveille this morning?" and Jimmie said, "Have you got a pass?" I almost forgot, and was scared for a moment. I decided to call up an old acquaintance for a date that evening, and picked up the nearest phone to hear Drangelis say, "Number, please?" Stanley finally got my party, and I knew I was sitting pretty for that evening. I then strolled over to the lake for a while, and had a lot of fun watching Frank Hoar save a bevy of pretty girls from a watery grave. Sort of a tough life, eh, Frank? One of the things I particularly noticed was the difficulty Frank had in saving the old maids, but the young and good-looking ones he had no trouble whatever with.

That evening, I met the girl whom I had called up, and we set out to see the city in the old-time way. She begged me to go into one of those photo-studios where they shoot your picture for four bits. Sgt. Shoup did a good job, and it was absolutely painless. He upheld his Army motto, which was: "I shoot your picture, and you don't know it." Going up the street, we met two of the most drunken humans I think I ever saw. Inasmuch as the country had been dry for over a year, I judged they must have been indulging in "Beef, Iron and Wine," "Herpicide" or "Peruna." I wondered if it could be possible that I knew these men, and walked over to the post against which they were leaning. Who do you think they were? Ray Wolfrum and Otto Engelmänn. They were paralyzed, but happy. Ray told me his brother Avery was a successful school teacher, but Otto couldn't do anything but motion with his hands. We grabbed a taxi to go to the Palace Theatre, and it was Jake Stauffer who drove us safely to our destination. Vorkeller's Orchestra, with Jack Verhoeff as the individual star on the traps, were there and played better than ever. The vaudeville acts were good. Metzler's trained fleas were exceedingly clever, but we had no opera glasses, and didn't see a thing. Earl Blossom gave a Chalk Talk. Joe Garafola played a wonderful accordion, favoring with his latest success, "The Peanut Shuck Rag," which surely made a hit. Delaney and Trainor in their own impersonation of Mutt and Jeff were a complete knock-out. "Cap" Biggam was in a playful mood, and put on the best sketch of the evening, entitled "Smile Awhile." He was a riot. Tony Bearth, assisted by a flock of buxom beauties direct from Jasper, Minnesota, staged a one-act farce under the label of "The Milk-Maid's Revel," and got over in great shape. Tony's tenor and rosy cheeks immediately established him as the high school girls' idol.

The performance being over, we strolled casually toward the Terrace Gardens. Just before entering, our attention was attracted by a large crowd on the corner of Madison and Clark streets, in the center of which stood a man on a soap-box, exhorting the motly gathering in an impassioned voice. Upon looking more closely, I could plainly see that it was none other than our old friend, Ray Connelly, and can you imagine the subject of his speech—Recruiting Men Into the Medical Department of the Army.

In the Terrace Gardens, there were a number

(Continued on page 22)

AT RED CROSS HOUSE

The Beloit College Girls' Club consisting of twenty-two members, entertained the convalescent soldiers and the hospital personnel with an exceptionally good musical program on May 21st. The favorite college and American folk songs were greatly enjoyed by the men. A whistling solo, "Ave Maria" pleasingly rendered by Miss Lucille Saris, took the house by storm and four encores was not sufficient to satisfy the audience. The stirring song, "The Americans Come" sung by the entire chorus was exceedingly good and was received with much applause.

The "Ukelele Girls," featured by the Jewish Welfare Board, gave a good snappy program on the 22nd of May, which was highly appreciated by every one present. Mesdames Elizabeth Leonard, Dorothy Zapp, Mina May-Christ and Mary McCam hail from the state that is noted for its Fair Women, Good Old Kentucky. These young ladies have donated their services since September, 1917, and have toured nearly all the camps of the South. The early part of the afternoon the young ladies spent in the wards, entertaining the men that were not fortunate enough to take advantage of the Convalescent House.

COMMENTS OF THE CROWD

Does it embarrass or amuse you to see yourself as others see you? There was occasion for both during our memorable Public Health Parade in Rockford. "Oh look, those girls are *in step!*" was heard at least once in each block. "Don't they look strong! and been Over, too!" Over various things, indeed yes! "Over, under, around, or through" is our motto. "And they even wear army shoes!" *That* hurt. An increase of two sizes in footwear isn't a matter to boast of. When companies marked time—marvelous maneuver!—the crowd invariably applauded: "Look, Emmy, see how they do that? Just lift their feet up and down!"

But, for all that, the corps men carried off the greatest glory of all.

First Urchin: "Oh, lookee—them fellers in white must be the K. P.'s!"

Second Urchin: "Aw gwan! Don't you know nuthin about hospitals? Them's the surgeons what cut you up!"

Oh, strange civilian world, what things you must think of us! And the even more remarkable things you will think of our table manners when we get back among you again!

In the departure of Hospital Sergeant Roy H. Beaudette from this hospital, we have lost one of our veterans. Sergeant Beaudette came to this Base Hospital from the Presidio at Monterey, California, during the summer of 1917. At that time this organization was barely a reality. In his two years of faithful service at this post, the Sergeant has seen many changes. In leaving us Sergeant Beaudette returns to his former place of duty, the Presidio at Monterey, California, where we will all wish him a speedy discharge and the best of luck in Civil Life.

There was a young lady called Ida
Who said she just loved apple cida,
But when a small sip,
Of champagne wet her lip,
Her mouth opened wida and wida.
—Oteen.

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Society Brand
"L" System

TOM KELLY

"You Know"

72 Steps off State Street on North Main Street.

"EVERYTHING FOR MEN"

SIDE TRACKS

Joys of a MILITARY Band: Being advertised and programmed as a "JACKIE" Band.

At Pontiac. "The King," Sgt. VorKeller, in his stateroom, meditatively scratching his head—a bevy of girls passing—says one: "Oh, Girls! See the soldier hunting cooties."—Local storms.

Often advertised as an "over-seas" band, the admiration of the populace for us "battle-scarred (No, Imogene, not "battle-scared") heroes" was sure hard to take.

Cpl. Ott's neatly printed cards gave him such an advantage over the boys who had to write their own that he secured more addresses than any two other men in the outfit.

"High-Power" Bruce, our more-than-genial porter, two months ex-soldier, had the world record on the "standing broad-grin." Give us that "ex" for two minutes and he'll look for new honors.

The willows at Oquawka, on the Mississippi, furnished fine switches with which the boys reminded Sgt. Zurawski that May 1st is "Polish Switch Day."

After acquiring "Spot," our beautiful coach-dog mascot, Cymbalist Stiverson needed puzzle his brain no more for opening remarks, for the prettiest girls always "fell" for his protege.

Cpl. O'Brien and Pvt. Sweet, seeing Paris (Ill.) by night, accompanied two of the town belles to their homes and returning together, discovered the sky had turned around over a network of tracks, and only the geographical limits of the place prevented them still being on the lookout for the train.

Many a boy wondered how he would look in Khaki wings and what instrument he would be calld on to play in heaven, when our heavy train was backed over the eighty-foot high, shaky trestle near Alexis, AFTER the natives had told us it had been condemned.

Cpl. Garling made such a decided hit with the ladies, wherever he went, that he soon found it necessary to put up a sign: "Girls without Packards need not apply."

After an hour's parade in Chicago's loop, escorting Hon. Wm. H. Taft to his hotel, Cpl. Ruedebusch was asked: "Are you tired?" "No," he replied, "but those Mounted Police horses that have been leading us, look ready to drop."

Girls being plentissimo everywhere, some of the boys bought wedding rings at Bloomington and wore them whenever the rush became too great.

At Toluca, the mining town, where midnight is brighter than noon, Cpl. Ott was the special guest of the Mayor and carried the key to the village in his pocket till the wee sma' hours.

(Continued on page 22)

COMMUNICATE IT FLORALLY

Hey, sergeant, don't cuss out that boneheaded private;

Don't flay him with language profuse and profane;

For there is a way far more forceful and fitting
To show what you think and to make it quite plain:

Say it with flowers.

Hey, soldier, don't rave at the colonel or captain
For turning you down when you asked for discharge;

Don't make the surrounding air blue with your curses,

Do just what I mentioned above to the sarge:
Say it with flowers.—E/.

(Continued from page 9)

a smile on his face. "Do you hear that whistle blowing over at the General Mess? Well, the animal wants must be satisfied." With this, he grabbed his coat and white hat and left the room.

The following former Base men have been heard of, and comment favorably on the "Chev":

August W. Lang, St. Louis, Mo.—

"The Silver Chev' sure looks good, and makes me wish I was back with the old bunch at the Base."

Lieut. Fyke, St. Louis, Mo.—

"I have enjoyed your magazine very much—don't forget to see that I receive my copies promptly."

Solon W. Camenisch, Chicago, Ill.—

"It is great to know that I can always keep in touch with all current news at the Base, through the copies of 'The Silver Chev'."

Cpl. Stanley Bruce, San Francisco, Cal.—

"I received the copies of the 'Chev' and enjoyed reading them very much. Give my regards to the bunch."

William Walsh, Sacramento, Cal.—

"Sure enjoyed reading 'The Silver Chev' and am looking forward to receiving every issue, best regards."

Gordon Triplett, Dillsboro, Ind.—

"Best regards to all the boys, and see that the magazines are sent to me regularly."

Sgt. Metzler, Chicago, Ill.—

"The 'Silver Chev' is great dope, I've sure enjoyed them."



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Open Evenings

(Continued from page 20)

Imagine the laught at Joliet, when the bulldog who "adopted" us at Ottawa and had been intentionally "ditched" at Morris, was forwarded to us by the Morris baggage agent.

"Sarge" Vorkeller, with the advantage of being way out in front, by himself, got so particular that none but the mayor's daughter would do for him. Hard luck, whenever the mayor happened to be a bachelor.

"Spot," our mascot, head up, tail in the air, in his place in the middle of the band attracted more attention than Cpl. Muehlbrandt, our blonde fashionplate.

Since the return of the band, the advisability of putting on an extra mail-clerk for the detachment is being considered.

If you wish to know how many days till July 6th, ask any man in the band. Even "Spot" can be induced to bark the correct number of times.

SOME BOOKS

received recently at the Hospital Library that may interest you.

Ask the Librarian for these:

Ayscough, John—"French Windows."

Babson, Roger W.—"Future of South America."

Bairnsfather, Bruce—"Fragments From France" (Cartoons).

Bryce, James—"South America."

Cable, Boyd—"Between the Lies."

Cooper, Elizabeth—"My Lady of the Chinese Court."

Corcoran, Capt. A. P.—"A Daredevil of the Army."

Dilnot, Frank—"Lloyd George."

Dorr, R. C.—"Inside the Russian Revolution."

Fels, Mary—"Joseph Fels, His Life-Work."

Field, M. W.—"Materials for the Study of Economics."

Gibbons, H. D.—"A Little Gray Home in France."

Kimball, M. W.—"A Soldier-Doctor of Our Army, James P. Kimball."

Thom, DeCourcy W.—"Midsummer Motor-ing in Europe."

Wilder, M. P.—"Smiling Around the World."

(Continued from page 18)

of clever entertainers. One, in particular, made the evening more enjoyable for me by sitting on my knee and telling me wonderfully pretty little lies. The girl with whom I was spending the evening became angry at our silly actions and attacked the cabaret entertainer. Naturally, I interfered and attempted to stop any conspicuous commotion. Just then I fell out of bed with a thump, and looking up, found that my arms were clasped securely about the leg of our First Sergeant, who glared at me and said, real "tuff" like—"What do you mean by not standing Reveille?" What's the use of dreaming, anyway?"

PORT OF MISSING MEN

This word has brought much cheer to many a home. Again we are pleased to note that through the Port of Missing Men another family has been made happy because of the return of a supposedly lost son. At the request of Representative Addison T. Smith, of Idaho, the Port of Missing Men published an inquiry as to the whereabouts of Rudolph J. Henneberg, Battery E, 125th Field Artillery, of Preston, Idaho. His family had not heard from him since September, 1918. The Port of Missing Men is just in receipt of a letter from Representative Smith stating that Henneberg has arrived in the United States and is now at his home. Mr. Smith thanks the Port of Missing Men for its co-operation in matters of this kind.

Letters making inquiry about other missing men continue to come in, which demonstrates the confidence placed in this medium. We hope the column may continue to bring joy to homes by reason of locating these missing men.

Private Harry E. McDonald, Company I, or J, 319th Infantry, reported killed on October 30, 1918. Lack further information. Address information to William H. McDonald, R. F. D. 1, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Private Nolan Walker, 19th Balloon Company, Aviation Battalion, Newport News, Va. Last heard from November 9, when card announced arrival overseas. Address Mrs. J. F. Walker, Box 53, Carthage, Ind.

Corp. Wilford W. Barlow, Company B, 127th Infantry, A. E. F., A. P. O. 734, has not been heard from since last September. Address information to Mrs. Della Barlow Preston (Formerly Robin), Idaho.

Private Clyde Mitchell, 95th Company, 6th Regiment U. S. Marines, last heard from after leaving hospital when gassed in June, 1918. Address information to Mrs. Guy Pecklington, Britton, Mich., R. F. D. 2.

Private Henry Higgins, Forty-seventh Company, Fifth Regiment Marines, reported wounded in action June 25, 1918. Inquiry from Miss Mildred Seaverns, 711 Cunningham street, Rockford, Ill.

Private Ernest Stanton Nest, Company L, 125th Regiment, Infantry, reported missing in action October 25, 1918, later February 4, 1919, reported killed. Inquiry made by mother, Mrs. Charles Nest, Boston, Ohio, R. F. D., and relative, Phil E. Sigler, 1515 Granville avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Private William T. Nolan, Fifty-first Company, Second Battalion, Fifth Regiment, U. S. Marines, reported missing in action on June 11, 1918. Address information to Mrs. Clara Nolan, 3676 Laclede avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Private Harry E. McDonald, Company I or J, 319th Infantry, reported killed on October 30, 1918. Lack further information. Address information to William H. McDonald, R. F. D. 1, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Private Hezekiah R. Lombard, Company G, 306th Infantry, officially reported missing in action August 27, 1918. Address Miss Irene Lombard, 80 Cherry Street, Brockton, Mass.

(Continued from page 16)

A nurse who doesn't call down the ward master on Inspection morning?

Beaudette late to mess?

Yourself with money after the fifteenth?

Steam in the barracks on a cold night?

Abe Kahn spending more than ten cents in one place?

A corporal in the mess hall who is not hard-boiled?

Boynton smoking "Nebos?"

Pay-day and no crap games?

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DANCING INSTRUCTIONS

On Saturday evenings the Patriotic League Girls of Rockford are conducting a class for dancing instruction in the Convalescent House, at seven o'clock.

All the convalescents that would like to learn how to step among the fair sex, to music, and still keep off their dainty and costly shod, little tootsies, come out next Saturday and enjoy yourselves. The girls will be glad to see you and teach you how.

This is a very informal affair, and if you feel the least bit bashful, the girls will soon make you feel at ease and then when you go to the Convalescent Parties, on Monday evenings, at the Convalescent House; when the orchestra starts one of those dreamy waltzes, the kind you have often listened to and wished you could enjoy, you'll be able to pick for yourself the best looking lady there, and be a regular fellow.

By arrangement made with the Library War Service of the American Library Association through the Surgeon General, that Association will furnish upon request all or any of a selected list of books for the use of the educational service at Army Hospitals functioning in physical reconstruction of wounded soldiers. The books cover wood-working, carving, basketry, book-binding, business methods, architecture and mechanical drawing, pen and free-hand drawing, metal work, pottery handcraft, printing and lettering, designing, toys, leather work, color home decorations, and drafting.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

Hospital activities carried on from K. of C. Building Number Four, Base Hospital area. Frank T. LeVan, Secretary in charge, assisted by "Bill" Powers and "Joe" Schagaman.

Weekly program of activities:

Sunday night—Movies.

Monday night—Movies.

Tuesday night—Vaudeville.

Wednesday night—Movies.

Thursday night—Movies.

Friday night—Dance.

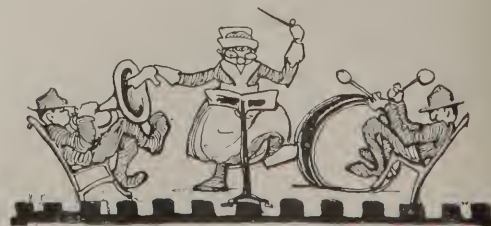
Saturday night—Confessions.

The movies shown are the best possible features and comedies obtainable. News weeklies and educational films have been contracted for and will be shown as added features.

The object of the K. of C. secretaries is to maintain an atmosphere of "Welcome" in Number Four Building. Every one is always welcome at all times. We keep cigarettes, chocolate, athletic material, matches, etc., on hand constantly and same may be procured gratis for the asking.

Mass each week day at six A. M., and at six and nine-thirty on Sundays.

A priest is always in attendance at K. of C. Building Number Four.



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and is able to purchase large lots at sharply reduced prices.

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and like to satisfy you. We have an alteration and tailor service that is unequalled.
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